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THE HUMAN TORCH
"The MOTHER GOOSE ROBBERIES!"

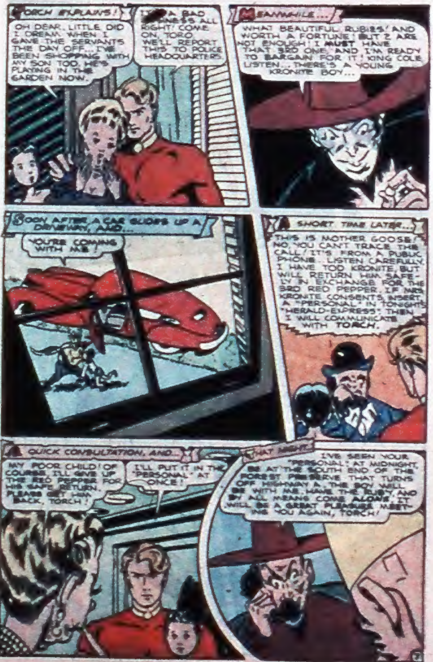
IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT A STRANGE, STEALTHY FIGURE ENGAGES IN ROBBERY!
HA! ANOTHER OF MY TRIUMPHS! IT WILL COMPLETELY BAFFLE THE POLICE!
THE MORNING AFTER, TORCH RECEIVES AN URGENT PHONE CALL...
A PRICELESS EMERSON FIRST EDITION'S BEEN STOLEN FROM MY LIBRARY SAFE.
WE'RE UP AGAINST A VERY UNUSUAL CRIMINAL, TORCH... LOOK AT THIS CARD WE FOUND NEAR THE SAFE.
"I HAD A CHARMING VISIT HERE AND HELPED MYSELF. MOTHER GOOSE."
THIS IS THE FIFTH "MOTHER GOOSE" CARD. I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT "MONKEY"!
...AND IN EVERY CASE THAT SAME KIND OF CALLING CARD WAS LEFT. I SHOULD'VE CALLED YOU IN BEFORE, TORCH... SAY, WHAT ARE YOU POKING AROUND IN THERE FOR?
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING! LOOKS LIKE MOTHER GOOSE HAS LEFT ANOTHER LITTLE LOVE-NOTE!
IT MAKES GREATER SPORT AND EXCITING FUN TO HAVE A CLUE TO PONDER ON... "GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER, WHERE DOST THOU WANDER? UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS AND IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER."
2

GOSH, THAT MUST BE A CLUE TO WHO STOLE THE MOTHER GOOSE!
UPSTAIRS, DOWN STAIRS, MY LADY'S CHAMBER! MUST MEAN SOME RICH OLD MAN'S GOING TO BE ROBBED NEXT! I'M GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, AND TAKE AN ASPIRIN!
THE FLABBERGASTED INSPECTOR GOES, FOLLOWED BY A PONDERING TORCH AND TORO
I DON'T THINK THE RHYME MEANS A WEALTHY WOMAN! TO BE ROBBED, MOTHER GOOSE SEEMS TO BE A VERY CLEVER CRIMINAL! I'VE A HUNCH THAT POEM HAS A LESS OBVIOUS MEANING!
BUT WHAT COULD IT BE! GOOSE IS NUMBER ONE... AND LADY... LADY... WOMAN...
SUDDENLY!
NO, THAT'S IT! "GOOSE WOMAN." THAT'S THE NAME OF A PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM! I BET THAT'S WHAT THE RHYME MEANS! THE MUSEUM IS CLOSED 'TIL 2 O'CLOCK! MOTHER GOOSE MAY BE BREAKING IN NOW!
GOSH, LET'S GO!
SHORTLY AFTER THE TRIO CLIMB INTO THE ART GALLERY
AH, WHAT A TREASURE! WHAT A PRICELESS PAINTING...AND IT'S MINE!
MOTHER GOOSE! YOU WERE RIGHT! TORCH!
BUT A SPLIT SECOND AFTER
FLAME OFF, TORO! QUICK!
IF THAT PAINTING HIT OUR FLAMES, IT WOULD HAVE BURNED UP!! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE, LIKE EVERYTHING HERE! COME ON! AFTER MOTHER GOOSE!
I'LL OUTWIT THEM, THAT MIRROR TRICK WAS SWELL WHEN I CAME IN!

AS THE DUO ROUNDS THE CORNER!
HE'S NOT HERE! HE'S DISAPPEARED!
HO-WHAT'S THIS? A CONCAVE MIRROR! THAT'S WHAT RE-FLECTED MOTHER GOOSE RUNNING LEFT-AND HE WAS REALLY GOING THE OTHER WAY... COME ON!
AN INTENSE SEARCH, AND...
NOT A SIGN OF HIM! MOTHER GOOSE HAS BLOWN THE COOP-AND TAKEN US FOR A LOOP!
WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO ROB NEXT? HE DIDN'T LEAVE ANY NEW POEM
LATER, AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF MOTHER GOOSE...
DO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE ANY MORE CLUE POEMS? IT'S TOO RISKY. IF IT WAS ONLY THE POLICE...THEY CAN'T FIGURE 'EM OUT... BUT THE TORCH...
THAT'S THE POINT, KING COLE! I ENJOY THIS BATTLE OF WITS WITH HIM. THE TORCH IS CLEVER, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO OUTWIT MOTHER GOOSE! AND NOW TO DE-CIDE ON MY NEXT MOVE...
NEXT DAY, AT POLICE
WELL, DID ANYTHING HAPPEN LAST NIGHT? I'M ITCHING TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
INSPECTOR! THIS ENVE-LOPE JUST CAME IN THE MAIL, ADDRESSED TO THE DEPARTMENT!
ANOTHER MOTHER GOOSE MESSAGE! CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OUT OF IT!
PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLE PEPPER, A PECK OF
BUT IT MUST MEAN SOME-THING!

TORO, I'VE A HUNCH THAT MESSAGE REFERS TO JEWELS. HE'S GOING TO "PICK" MORE THAN ONE, AND IT'S EASIER TO LIFT JEWELS. BESIDES, HE HASN'T STOLEN ANY JEWELS YET... WE'RE GOING TO CHIFFONY'S. THEY'RE THE LEADING JEWELERS IN TOWN. IF ANYONE HAS THE INFORMATION WE NEED, THEY HAVE!
ARE THERE ANY PRECIOUS GEMS REFERRED TO AS "PEPPERS"? IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE FIND OUT!
WHY, YES! THERE ARE 3 RED RUBIES WORTH A FORTUNE CALLED THE "RED PEPPERS"... WE SOLD THEM TO MRS. LLOYD KRONITE.
WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?
OT LONG AFTERWARDS...
NO ANSWER. WE'LL TRY THE BACK WAY!
IT'S MOTHER GOOSE! HE'S HERE ALREADY, AND HE'S GOING TO GET A SURPRISE THAT'LL GIVE HIM GOOSE-FLESH!
CAUTIOUS ENTRANCE, AND A FURY-PACKED PUNCH...
GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER-- YOU WON'T WANDER--ANY MORE!
THE YOUNG MAN IS CLEVER!
TORCH!

THE NEXT INSTANT!
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, BOY!
OH-OH! MOTHER GOOSE IS ON THE RUN AGAIN!
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE! THAT HOSE...
AS THE CRIME-CRUSHING COUPLE FLAME OUT THE DOORWAY...
HUMPTY-DUMPTY HAD A FALL...AND THAT, BRIGHT BOYS, IS NOT ALL!
BEFORE THE BOYS CAN REGAIN THEIR FEET...
HA! I'VE OUTWITTED YOU AGAIN! NOW I'LL PUT THE HOSE THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND RELEASE KING COLE FROM THE FIREROPES!
CRASH!!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO REVIVE, THEY QUICKLY RETURN TO THE HOUSE
GOSH THEY GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT, WITH THE RED PEPPERS.
NOT ALL 3. HERE'S ONE. MOTHER GOOSE MUST'VE DROPPED IT IN HIS HURRY. BUT TWO RUBIES STOLEN ARE BAD ENOUGH.
MY "PEPPERS" STOLEN! I'M MRS. KRONITE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?


TORCH EXPLAINS!
OH DEAR, LITTLE DID I DREAM WHEN I GAVE THE SERVANTS THE DAY OFF... I'VE BEEN SHOPPING WITH MY SON TOD. HE'S PLAYING IN THE GARDEN NOW.
A BAD NESS ALL RIGHT! COME ON, TORO. WE'LL REPORT THIS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
MEANWHILE...
WHAT BEAUTIFUL RUBIES! AND WORTH A FORTUNE! BUT 2 ARE NOT ENOUGH! I MUST HAVE THAT 3RD ONE, AND I'M READY TO BARGAIN FOR IT! KING COLE LISTEN... THERE'S A YOUNG KRONITE BOY...
SOON AFTER A CAR GLIDES UP A DRIVEWAY, AND...
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
THIS IS MOTHER GOOSE! NO, YOU CAN'T TRACE THE CALL! IT'S FROM A PUBLIC PHONE. LISTEN CAREFULLY. I HAVE TOD KRONITE, BUT WILL RETURN HIM SAFE-LY IN EXCHANGE FOR THE 3RD RED PEPPER. IF MRS. KRONITE CONSENTS, INSERT A "PERSONAL" IN TONIGHT'S "HERALD-EXPRESS". THEN I WILL COMMUNICATE WITH TORCH.
A QUICK CONSULTATION, AND...
MY POOR CHILD! OF COURSE, I'LL GIVE UP THE RED PEPPER FOR HIS SAFE RETURN. PLEASE GET HIM BACK, TORCH!
I'LL PUT IT IN THE "PERSONAL" AT ONCE!
THAT NIGHT!
I'VE SEEN YOUR "PERSONAL." AT MIDNIGHT, BE AT THE SOUTH END OF THE FOREST PRESERVE THAT TURNS OFF HIGHWAY A. THE BOY WILL BE WITH ME. HAVE THE RUBY, AND BY ALL MEANS COME ALONE. IT WILL BE A GREAT PLEASURE MEET-ING YOU AGAIN, TORCH!

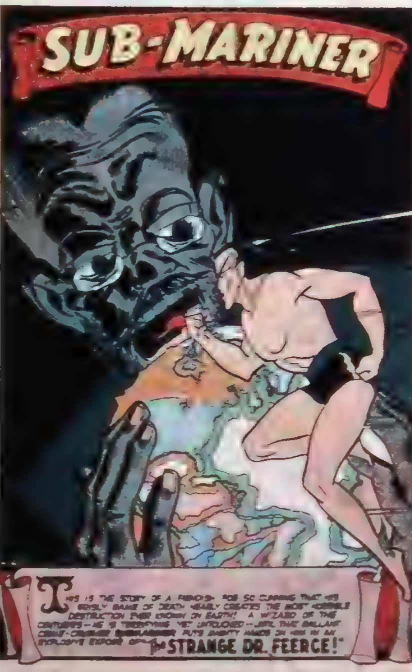
5 MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT...
STAY HERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS, TORO. I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM ALONE.
GOOD LUCK, TORCH!
ON THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, TWO MORTAL ENEMIES MEET!
AH, THE TORCH. IT'S A GREAT DELIGHT FOR ME TO MEET AND OUTWIT A MAN OF YOUR CLEVERNESS. OF COURE, YOU'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME... YOU HAVE THE RUBY?
HERE IT IS NOW. RELEASE THE BOY.
GEE, IT'S REALLY THE TORCH!
THERE HE IS! AND HERE'S...
THE TORCH DEFTLY LEAPS ASIDE!
FULL OF CHLOROFORM! I THOUGHT HE'D TRY SOMETHING... STAY HERE, TOD! I'M GOING AFTER THEM!
THEY CAN'T BE FAR... WHY, THAT'S TORO CALLING! HE'S IN TROUBLE! I'D KNOW HIS VOICE ANYWHERE
TORCH! HELP! TORCH!
FORCED TO FORSAKE HIS PURSUIT TRAIL, TO AID HIS YOUNG FRIEND, TORCH FOLLOWS THE CRY OF STRESS, AND...
FLAMING FLAMINGOES! A PHONOGRAPH RECORD WITH A REMARKABLE IMITATION OF TORO'S VOICE, A DECOY TO GET ME OFF THE TRACK! WONDER IF I CAN STILL NAIL THEM?
TORCH! HELP!

BUT!
WHAT ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE?
HAPPENED?
SAY WHAT'S THAT WHITE PAPER!
ADDS UP TO ZERO
IT'S A CLUE TO HIS NEXT ROBBERY BUT WHAT A STUMPER TORCH, WHAT !
I'VE JUST NOTICED TORO THOSE FOOT PRINTS IN THE MUD THAT "POINTED TOE" ONE IS MOTHER GOOSE'S AND THE "SQUARE TOE" IS WHAT HIS HENCHMAN WAS WEARING BUT...
THESE FOOTPRINTS WERE UNDER THE PAPER THAT MEANS THE PAPER MUST HAVE BEEN DROPPED AFTER MOTHER GOOSE AND HIS HENCHMAN GOT AWAY BUT NO ONE'S BEEN HERE SINCE THEN EXCEPT YOU AND ME AND JONATHAN HARE! THAT MEANS HARE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD'VE DROPPED THE NOTE TORO HARE'S OUR MAN. WE'RE GOING PLACES AND FAST!
WERE WE BAMBOOZLED!

YOU'LL MAKE NO SUCH MOVE!
DIE
ULP!

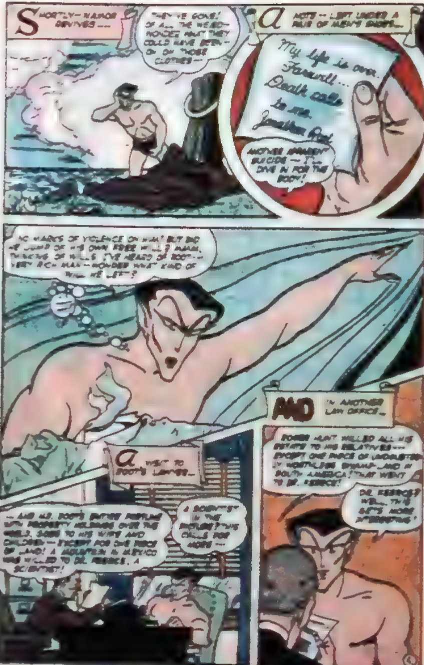
THE STRICKEN DUO REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS
OH CAN'T BREATHE CAN'T FLAME WHAT'S THIS?
BUT SHOULD YOU SUCCEED IN BREAKING YOUR CHAINS WHICH I DOUBT THIS ROOM IS ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY PHOTO ELECTRIC BEAMS EVEN THE CEILING AS I LEAVE HERE I WILL SET THE CURRENT IN MOTION ANYONE MOVING IN OR OUT BREAKS THE CURRENT CREATING INSTANT EXPLOSION
THE DESPERATE DUO USES MORE AND MORE PRECIOUS OXYGEN
WE CAN'T BREAK CHAINS MAYBE (COUGH) IT'S (COUGH)
POOR KID HE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER
THAT BREAKS THE PHOTO ELECTRIC TRAP
AS TORCH GIVES WEIRD WHISTLE THE BEASTS LEAP INTO THE ROOM AND CONTACT THE DEADLY BEAMS
BOOM!

SCAPE AT LAST! BUT A NEW PROBLEM PRESENTS ITSELF
CLUE SURGES IN TORCH'S MIND, AND THE POWER-PACKED TEAM IS SOON ROCKETING ON ITS WAY.
MOMENT LATER GREEDY FINGERS CURL ABOUT A PRICELESS WATCH
THE TORCH!
THE END

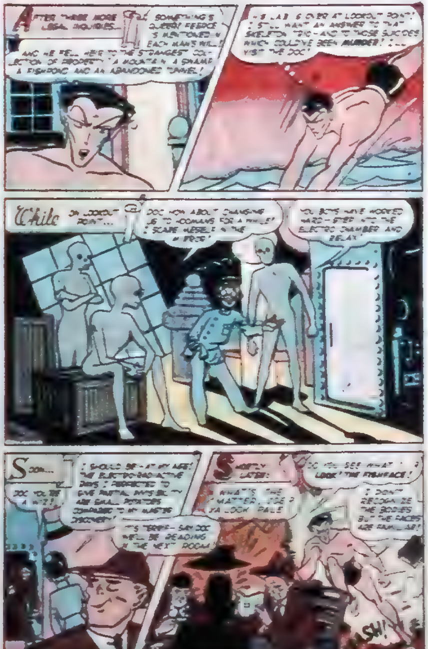

SUB-MARINER
STRANGE DR. FEERCE!

ONE DARK NIGHT, STRANGE VISITORS MAKE A STARTLING CALL ON...
DEATH! NO—IT'S A NIGHTMARE!
IT'S REAL! AND NOW YOU'LL WRITE A FAREWELL NOTE!
SHORT MINUTES LATER, A BODY IS HURTLED INTO SPACE!
WE SURE SCARED HIM INTO WRITING HIS SUICIDE NOTE—
TWO WEEKS PASS—AND SUBMARINER SPEED-SWIMS INTO NEW YORK HARBOR...
NAMOR! I'VE BEEN COVERING SHIP NEWS FOR DAYS AND HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND—WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
NOTHING—EXCEPT THAT THREE MILLIONAIRES COMMITTED SUICIDE IN THE PAST WEEK, AND ALL LEFT AUTHENTIC FAREWELL NOTES!
HMM...

As THE SEA PRINCE SWIMS IN DARK WATERS...
TROUBLE!
SLAP!
BOOMERANG! YOU FUGITIVES FROM A MORGUE HAVE A SLAB!
But THE NEXT MOMENT...
CRACK!

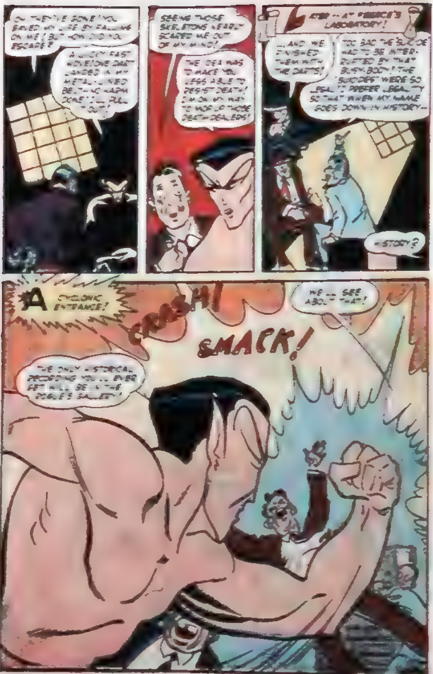


A note -- left under a pair of men's shoes...
My life is over. Farewell... Death calls to me. Jonathan Root
Another apparent suicide -- I'll dive in for the body!
A visit to Root's lawyer...
And in another law office...


AFTER THREE MORE LEGAL INQUIRIES...
SOMETHING'S QUEER! IS MENTIONED IN EACH MAN'S WILL
AND HE FELL HEIR TO THE STRANGEST COLLECTION OF PROPERTY! A MOUNTAIN, A SWAMP, A FISHPOND AND AN ABANDONED TUNNEL!
LAB IS OVER AT LOOKOUT POINT! I STILL WANT AN ANSWER TO THAT SKELETON TRIO—AND TO THOSE SUICIDES WHICH COULD'VE BEEN MURDER! I'LL VISIT THE DOC!
While on Lookout Point...
DOC, HOW ABOUT CHANGING US TO HOOMANS FOR A WHILE? I SCARE MESELF IN THE MIRROR!
YOU BOYS HAVE WORKED HARD—STEP INTO THE ELECTRO CHAMBER AND RELAX!
Soon...
DOC, YOU'RE A WIZ!
I SHOULD BE—AT MY AGE! THE ELECTRO-RADIO-ACTIVE RAYS I PERFECTED TO GIVE PARTIAL INVISIBILITY ARE SMALL POTATOES COMPARED TO MY MASTER DISCOVERY!
IT'S TERRIF— SAY DOC WE'LL BE READING IN THE NEXT ROOM!
Shortly later:
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOE? YA LOOK PALE
LOOK! THE FISHFACE!
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE BODIES BUT THE FACES ARE FAMILIAR!

HA-HA! IT'S K.O. GAS!
But AS THE STRICKEN SEA MENACE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR...
HERE, WHAT'S ALL THIS?
The TOUCH OF WATER REVIVES HIM, AND...
I CAN'T HAVE COMMOTION! THIS IS A PEACEFUL LABORATORY FOR WORTHY SCIENTIFIC WORK!
WHAT'S SO SCIENTIFIC ABOUT THESE PLUG-UGLIES? AND WHAT WERE THEY DOING NEAR THE SPOT WHERE JONATHAN ... WAS DROWNED?
WHO'S THIS BOZO?
CAN'T FIND ANYTHING THIS WAY!
ALL RIGHT! MY MISTAKE!
MOMENTS:
IT'S TIME FOR YOU BOYS TO DEAL WITH LOMAX! DRIVE OUT THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE — IN CASE FISH-FACE DECIDES TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PLACE!

FROM A BASEMENT GARAGE TO THE HIGHWAY GLIDES A BLACK CAR, CARRYING THE TERRIBLE TRIO, AND....
Later:


SEEING THOSE SKELETONS NEARLY SCARED ME OUT OF MY MIND!
THE IDEA WAS TO MAKE YOU LESS ABLE TO RESIST DEATH! I'M ON MY WAY TO MOP UP THOSE DEATH-DEALERS!
...AND WE FINISHED THEM WITH THE DARTS!
TOO BAD THE SUICIDE HAD TO BE INTERRUPTED BY THAT BUSY-BODY! THE 'SUICIDES' WERE SO LEGAL! I PREFER LEGALITY SO THAT WHEN MY NAME GOES DOWN IN HISTORY—
HISTORY?
A CYCLONIC ENTRANCE!
CRASH!
SMACK!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

CRASH!
WHAT?
BOOM!

ELECTRONIC BOMB!
I'M COMIN', DOC!
IN SHORT MOMENTS.
THE INJECTION IS COMPLETE! HE'LL BE DEAD IN 30 MINUTES! WE'LL LEAVE HERE FOR GOOD!

Sometime later:
HA-LOOO!

Soon...
The next instant:
SUBMARINER!
But Pierce and his henchmen get the chair!
The End

Miss AMERICA
CHAPTER IX
"VANISHING SPIES!"
THE STORY THUS FAR . . . . .
MISS AMERICA SENT TO BLENDS A RES TO CREATE A MISSING FEDERAL AGENT, AND HIS EXPOSE OF ESCAPED NAZIS, DISCOVERS A DIABOLICAL NAZI PLOT TO GAIN POSSESSION OF A WORLD-RUIN FORMULA FOR A SUN-RAY "ENGINE" MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB! IN A FURIOUS FIGHT WITH GUNMEN, LED BY REX, A NAZI AGENT IN CHARGE OF FORGETTING WORLD WAR DEAD, IS STRUCK DOWN AND THE BRACELET CONTAINING THE SECRET FORMULA ON WHICH HE IS STOOPED! NOW, AS REX IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE DRESSING ROOM OF CAFE SUNSET, FLOOR WITH THE STRUGGLE HAD OCCURRED----

OH!
SWIFTLY—
SHE'S CONNECTING NOW! HERE SHE GOES!

AND MISS AMERICA IS FREE AT LAST, TO PURSUE HER EXCITING QUEST!
SOON ON THE HIGHWAY—
AS THE PURSUING CAR TAKES THE TURN, ITS DRIVER FIRES AT THE TIRES OF THE CAR AHEAD!

EXPLAINED!
A MOMENT LATER —

WELL!
BUT AT THE CAFE A SHORT TIME LATER---
SOON-----
AT THE SAME TIME, IN AN OBSCURE FARMHOUSE
YOU'RE LUCKY THE BULLET ONLY ENTERED YOUR ARM A VERY PAINFUL SPOT YOU SHOULD REST
HAVEN'T THE TIME, GET ME SOME STREET CLOTHES SOMETHING OF YOUR WIFE'S HURRY!

WHILE AT ELISE'S APARTMENT ---
WHY DON'T THAT DAME ANSWER?
SHE'D BETTER IF SHE WANTS TO LIVE!
WHO IS THIS SINISTER PAIR? AND WHAT'S THEIR STAKE IN THE DEADLY INTRIGUE? FOR PUNCH-PACKED THRILLS, READ THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE IN MARVEL COMICS---EVERY MONTH AT YOUR NEWS-STAND!

ONE IN A MILLION

JEFFREY had planned the murder very carefully. He was a methodical man, and he planned to kill in the same methodical way . . . there would be no slip-ups, nothing would go wrong with his carefully laid plans.

His landlady, Mrs. Dean, would furnish the perfect alibi for the perfect crime. What a simple idiot she was! She believed everything he told her. He knew some of the things she had told the neighbors over the back fence, and he could hear her saying, "That Mr. Jeffrey is the sweetest man. Never have any trouble with him!" If only, Jeffrey thought, she knew the seething volcano of hatred that bubbled and churned within his breast, hatred of his uncle, hatred of Mrs. Dean, hatred of the whole world and everything in it!

But tonight he would even the debt. Tonight he would kill so that he could live in the manner he felt was due him. For Jeffrey wanted to live high, which was practically impossible on the amount of money his uncle paid him for keeping the books for the entire firm. The old skinflint! Jeffrey knew that all the money his uncle had was going to him someday—but when? The old man might live forever. Jeff wanted the money now, so that he could enjoy life's luxuries while he was still young.

Jeffrey picked up his phone and called downstairs to Mrs. Dean.

"Hello, Mrs. Dean. I'm going to be busy for the next few hours auditing some very important books. I wish you'd see that I'm not disturbed by anyone tonight for any reason."

She assured him in her high nasal twang that everything would be as he asked, and he hung up with a sigh of relief. There was his alibi . . . she would never doubt him. If it came to a test, she would swear to all that was holy that he had been in his room all night.

Jeffrey put on his overcoat and hat. He felt the snubnosed .32 automatic bulging in his pocket. It was his uncle's gun. Jeffrey had borrowed it two weeks ago on the pretext of using it as protection against prowlers. Now he was going to use it for another reason—a much better reason. He slipped silently out of the house, using the back entrance. He had left his lights burning, with the books spread out on his desk. He checked his watch—9:30. He could get to his Uncle's house, do what had to be done and be back in less than half an hour.

On the streets a slight, cold drizzle was beginning to sift down. Jeffrey turned up the collar of his coat and pulled his hat further down over his eyes as he walked briskly along the almost deserted street. It took him only seven minutes to reach his uncle's house. He rang the doorbell and waited for what seemed an eternity for an answer to his ring. The drizzle had soaked through his collar and felt icy cold as the drops trickled slowly down his back. Jeffrey shivered.

Slowly the door opened, and the weazened, pinched face that he hated so terribly peered out cautiously.

"Why, Jeffrey, what are you doing here?" Then, suspiciously, "What do you want? If it's money, you know I—" He started to close the door.

"Uncle Denny, how you talk. You know I wouldn't ask you for money." Jeffrey shouldered his way into the room. "No, it's something else I want."

His uncle closed the door and Jeffrey turned toward him.

"I came here tonight for two reasons," Jeffrey said calmly, reaching his hand into the pocket for the gun. "The first, was to return this gun to you." He raised the gun, thumbing off the safety. "And the second, was . . . to kill you!"

Uncle Denny's eyes went wide with terror as he saw the gun in Jeffrey's hand, and he scrambled back toward the door. For a moment it seemed as if he might open the door and try to run, then . . .

"Wait, Jeffrey — don't! You can't mean that, after—"

"Shut up!" Jeffrey said coldly. "Listen to me . . . If you'd been a little more insistent with your money, if you'd been half-way decent to me all these years . . . But no, look how you made me live! In one room, while you—" Jeffrey waved the gun at the richly furnished emporium in which they were standing.

Uncle Denny were white with fear as he saw the flashing barrel at Jeffrey's eyes, the grim determination on his face. He held out his shaking hands toward Jeffrey as if in supplication.

"Jeffrey, don't!"

But Jeffrey wasn't listening. "You would make me wait until you died. Well, I'm not waiting any longer! I want money and I'm going to have it . . . now!"

He pulled the trigger twice, and the sharp crack-crack of the .32 echoed in the small room.

Uncle Denny moaned softly and went limp at the knees, his hands clasped tightly against his chest. A thin trickle of red ran from the corner of his twisted mouth. His eyes were blank with agony . . .

Jeffrey knelt by the body, lifted one arm and felt for a pulse. There was none. His uncle was dead. Then Jeffrey started to work. He went to the next room, which was a large living room, and looked a clear cover. He ripped some pictures off the wall, and pulled the rug askew. He went out on the balcony, from which a large French window opened into the room, and smashed out several panes of glass, so that the shattered fragments would fall inside the room. Then he mopped back to survey his work.

He was satisfied. The room now looked as though a burglar had come in, had been surprised by his uncle and a struggle had taken place. No doubt the police would think the burglar had shot his uncle. Jeffrey wiped off the gun, and threw it on the floor beside the huddled body.

Once on the street again, Jeffrey drew a deep breath of relief. He had achieved tonight the fulfillment of all his nights of sleeplessness. Nothing would go wrong, nothing could go wrong—he had planned it all too carefully. He looked at his watch—9:45. Only fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had left his room.

As he walked leisurely down the street, he thought back. Had he forgotten anything. He could think of nothing. He passed a large drug store on the corner, one block from where he lived. A large crowd of people was inside. A cup of hot coffee would go good now, he thought, and no one in all this crowd will recognize me or remember that I've been here.

He stepped inside and suddenly he was bundled by a terrific white flash!

When his sight cleared, Jeffrey could see a man in front of him, grinning and pumping his limp hand up and down. In the background, two men were replacing the flash bulbs in their cameras. A hanging mob was laughing and pounding at him.

Dennys had stopped in to rearrange his carefully laid plans.

The man shaking his hand was talking.

"Congratulations! You're the one millionth man to enter this store. You may have your pick of one hundred dollars worth of merchandise. And tomorrow your name and picture will be in all the newspapers. You're a lucky man. Yes, sir . . . one in a million!"

THE END.

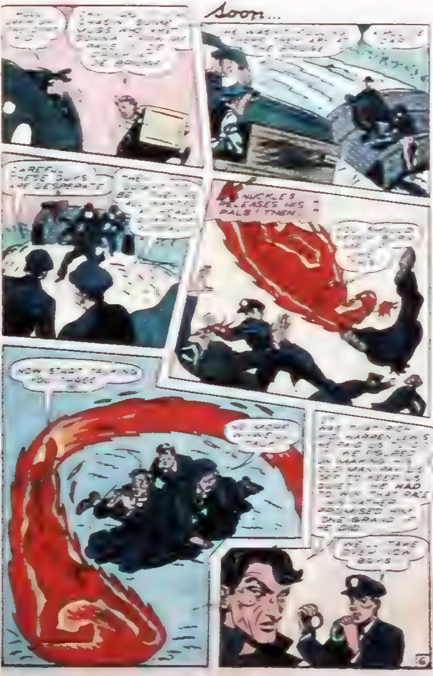
YOUNG ALLIES
"DEATH at the WHEEL!"
The YOUNG ALLIES ENTER THE SOAP-BOX DERBY BUT WHAT STARTED OUT AS A DAY OF FUN, SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A PERILOUS RACE, WITH "DEATH at the WHEEL!"
THE SOAP-BOX DERBY IS ONLY A FEW DAYS OFF...

THAT AFTERNOON
KNUCKLES TRIUMPHS!
HE BEAT ME! WHAT KIND OF A CAR HAS HE GOT?
HERE! TAKE THIS MONEY AND KEEP YOUR CAR OUT OF THE RACE IF I DON'T WIN I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FACE MY FRIENDS!

OWW!
IN SWIFT SECONDS THE BOYS DRESS, AND.
HEY! WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!
OKAY LET'S GET 'EM YAHOO!
YEOW!

WATER!
ANYWAY WE SAVED THE CAR
NEXT DAY ON THE WAY TO THE RACE COURSE
HEY FELLAS, THERE'S A CAR AHEAD. LOOKS LIKE IT'S STUCK
SUDDENLY THE BUSHES PART, AND -
NOW... TAKE 'EM. GET THAT ASBESTOS SHEET OVER THE FIRE-BOY
WHAT... LOOK OUT! IT'S A TRAP!

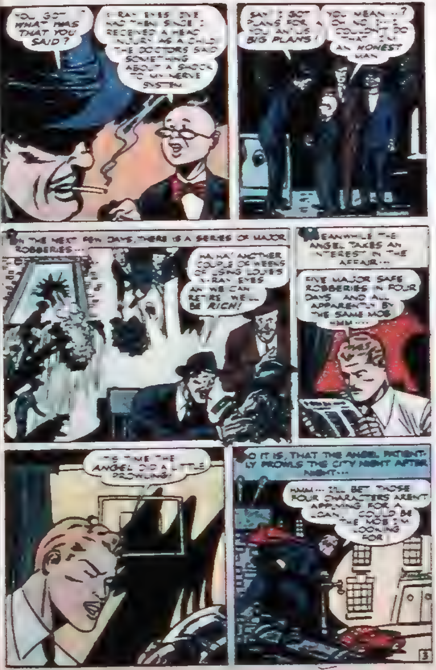
NEEDED SPEED,
ME RACER! IT'S ALL DOWN HILL!
HEY! A KID IN A SOAP-BOX RACER AFTER HIM BEFORE HE PILES UP AND KILLS HIMSELF!
The


Soon...
CAREFUL THESE GUYS ARE DESPERATE
KNUCKLES RELEASES HIS PALS! THEN..
NOW START TALKING YOU THREE
6

LATER, JUST BEFORE THE BIG RACE STARTS...
YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
TELL YA LATER AFTER I WIN DE RACE!
NOW TA ATTEND TA SOME UN-FINISHED BUSINESS!
THE WINNER AND IN RECORD TIME!
AND AT THE END OF THE COURSE...
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YA I'D DO IF YA TRIED ANY MONKEY BUSINESS?
YOU LET ME ALONE!
DIS IS WHAT I MEANT!
AND TO THINK MY OWN SON WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT! I'LL FIX HIM!
THANKS, FELLOWS, FOR NOT PRESSING CHARGES AGAINST WARREN! IN THE FUTURE I'LL MAKE SURE HE CHANGES HIS ATTITUDE!
The PROUDEST MO-MENT IN KNUCKLES' LIFE!
AND IN ADDITION TO THE TRUST FUND FOR YOUR COLLEGE EDUCATION, YOU ARE ALSO AWARDED THIS CUP!
(GULP!) TANKS!
THE END

THE ANGEL
"THE CASE OF THE X-RAY EYES!"

POUNCES ON THE LONE PEDESTRIAN
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?
GO AFTER WE ROB THE SAFE
IT'S ALL SOUPED UP AND READY TO GO OFF!
YOU TWO GENTLEMEN ARE WASTING YOUR TALENTS ON THAT VAULT. IT ONLY CONTAINS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS'!
HUH? HOW D'YOU KNOW?
I CAN SEE IT
HA HA! SAY ARE YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE A MONKEY OUTA ME? I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER!
YOU'LL BE SORRY!
BOOM!
WE BEEN ROBBED! THERE'S ONLY THREE DOLLARS HERE
I DIDN'T COUNT THAT FIFTY CENT PIECE. IT'S COUNTERFEIT!
HEY! THIS IS A PHONY
YOU! HOW'D YOU SEE INSIDE OF THAT SAFE?
I'M GIFTED WITH UNUSUAL EYESIGHT — X-RAY EYES!


YOU GOT— WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?
X-RAY EYES. I'VE HAD THEM SINCE I RECEIVED A HEAD INJURY AS A CHILD. THE DOCTORS SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SHOCK TO MY NERVE SYSTEM.
SAY, I GOT PLANS FOR YOU AN' US. BIG PLANS!
YOU MEAN...? OH NO... I COULDN'T DO THAT. I'M AN HONEST MAN.
IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THERE IS A SERIES OF MAJOR ROBBERIES...
HA HA! ANOTHER COUPLE OF WEEKS OF USING LOUIE'S X-RAY EYES AN' WE CAN RETIRE. WE'LL BE RICH!
MEANWHILE THE ANGEL TAKES AN INTEREST IN THE AFFAIR...
FIVE MAJOR SAFE ROBBERIES IN FOUR DAYS AND ALL APPARENTLY BY THE SAME MOB. HMM...
IT'S TIME THE ANGEL DID A LITTLE PROWLING!
SO IT IS, THAT THE ANGEL PATIENTLY PROWLS THE CITY NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...
HMM... I'LL BET THOSE FOUR CHARACTERS AREN'T APPLYING FOR A LOAN. COULD BE THE MOB I'M LOOKING FOR!
3

THEN INSIDE THE FINANCE COMPANY OFFICE --
GET GOIN' ON THAT SAFE. LOUIE SAID IT WAS LOADED WITH DOUGH, AN' LOUIE NEVER LIES. NOT IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM!
OH DEAR, IF ONLY I HADN'T TOLD THEM ABOUT MY EYES
SOMEONE IS IN THE ALLEY. OH GOOD, IT'S THE ANGEL!
THE (GULP). WHAT?
ANGEL! LET'S GET OUTA HERE
WAIT! HE DIDN'T SEE US YET. DOUSE THAT FLASHLIGHT AN' SCATTER! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.
AND AS THE ANGEL ENTERS--
FREEZE, ANGEL! YOU'RE COVERED!
YEAH! AN' FOR KEEPS, SNOOPER!
DEAR ME, HOW CAN YOU SHOOT THE ANGEL WITHOUT BULLETS? YOUR GUN IS EMPTY, YOU KNOW
WHA...? ULP! OWW!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT A GUN

UGH!
PLEASE SIR DO NOT ASSOCIATE ME WITH THOSE CRIMINALS REMEMBER SIR—I SAVED YOUR LIFE! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUN
IT'S LOADED! BUT WHY DID SCRATCH TAKE YOUR WORD THAT IT WAS EMPTY? AND HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THIS GANG?
LOUIE RELATES HIS STRANGE TALE TO THE ANGEL
AND THAT IS THE WAY IT WAS! OH, DEAR, I'M THE MOST UNFORTUNATE OF CREATURES!
HMM, A STORY LIKE THAT WOULDN'T SOUND SO GOOD IN COURT, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH!

HOUR LATER AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...
LOUIE! OUR GOLD MINE'S COME BACK. HOW'D YOU GET AWAY FROM THE ANGEL?
THAT'S THE TICKET, LOUIE. AN' NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK WE CAN PLAN OUR NEXT JOB
THE NEXT EVENING THE ANGEL GETS A PHONE CALL...
COUPLE OF HOURS? I'LL BE THERE
HEY! WHAT WUZ KEEPIN' YOU SO LONG?
ER - I HAD DIFFICULTY CHOOSING THE RIGHT BRAND OF VITAMIN PILLS!
BAH! LET'S GET STARTED!
LATER...
IS IT WORTH CRACKIN', LOUIE?
PACKED WITH TREASURE AND SOME CARELESS PERSON FORGOT TO LOCK - SEE?
ACE
SAFE CO.

HEY! IT IS OPEN! THIS IS EASY...
NOT TOO EASY!
OH!
OUCH!
DEAR ME! ONE DOESN'T DO SO WELL IN CRIME DOES ONE?
THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT LOUIS! WATCH OUR FRIENDS WHILE I CALL THE POLICE!
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER!
OOOH!
YOW!
YOU SAY YOU CAN SEE WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES NOW, DOCTOR? GOOD! THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD RETURNED THEM TO NORMAL!
MY SIGHT'S DIFFERENT, SOO... I CAN'T SEE THROUGH THINGS! I'M GLAD!
THE END

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The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP
LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO
AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE "FAIR"!
HEY, SUGAR, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN?
SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL....
YOU'LL WHAT— YOU POOR CHUMP
OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING—I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!
LATER
GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!
ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP
THERE GOES THE BELL— JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL
OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!
O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT—YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!
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